SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

HOBOKEN A PEACEFUL HOME FOR SPAR-RING CONTESTS.

The Attendance in Odd-Fellows' Hall at the Le Bianche-Fallon Fight as Orderly as a Quaker Meeting-The Manhattan Athletle Club Grounds to Rent-The Prospect Harrier to Have a Run To-Morrow.



IS a pity boxing shows can't run in New York
City as they can in
Hoboken, sporting
men say. The Chief
of Police, a Police
Commissioner, a detective and some score
of officers were present at the Le BlancheFallon contest in Odd

to turn for his story to the days when he was
young.
"My father owned a country house," said
Mr. Pond; and as the river ran almost beneath our windows, there was excellent fishing.
One night I couldn't sleep; so I thought
that, as I had my fishing-rod in the bedroom, I would just open the window and
dexterously throw my line out into the
river. I, consequently, opened the casement, and with a jerk sent the fishing-line
forth. can't run in New York Fellows' Hall last night, and except for the spirited yet fair and innocent conflicts on the stage, no

Quaker meeting could have been more orderly. The gloves were examined kindly by Chief Donovan as the principals in the sixround contest stepped on the roped and staked platform. Each glove would have nocturnal pussies." weighed full five ounces, and the contest, it was known at once, would be one of skill and strength, no brutality being possible. It is said that there were less arrests for drunkenness in Hoboken last summer, with the saloons open all day Sunday and twenty to fifty thousand strangers in town to quench their thirst, than in some of the uptown wards. Public glove contests in New York would put money in thousands of channels, injure nobody, and help prevent some of these finish fights the police seem unable to cope with,

"The Manhattan Athletic Club grounds are to rent," was the rumor that surprised downtown athletes yesterday. "Why, certainly," said a prominent officer of the club last night. "There's been a 'For Sale' sign up there for five years. When the owner sells his property for building lots for his price, \$2,000,000, we shall have to move away. Yes, we've got our new grounds selected, but of course where the location is is confidential."

The silence about Manager Holske and ex-Manager P. F. Sheedy is getting painful. The hard-glove fight for a medal between Al Fleischman and W. G. George is reported to be "off."

Paddy Smith seems to be in for a disappointment as to a fight with Mike Daly, of Bangor. Daly, Billy Dacey clams, refused to make a match with him a short time ago, although Billy Fitzgerald telegraphed that Dacey's money was up.

The Prospect Harriers' next quarterly meeting will be held at the club-house on Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8 o'clock p. M. This club will have a handicap run of about three and one-half miles on Saturday afternoon at 3.30 for a silver cup. The Christmas Day run will start from Petit's Hotel. Jamaica, L. I., on Dec. 26, at 10.30 A. M. The New Year's Day run will be from Hackensack, also in the forenoon. Secretary Growtage says a musical, literary and boxing entertainment will be given at the club-house to-morrow evening.

Wisdom from the Kitchen.

(From Harper's Bucar,)
A certain mistre s of a household manages to extract a little merriment along with much misery from her sundry gooks of various nationalities. " Anything wanted to-day, Katharine ?" she asked one morning of the divinity of the kitchen, asked one morning of the divinity of the kitchen, a tall Nova Scotian fond of using long words.

'Yes, ma'am, if you would please to invest; gate in a new tadle for me to stir the soup with when I set it on the back of the rauge to simper.

'What have you in the house for dinner, Anna?' the lady asked of the Nova Scotian's sucensor, a swede.
"Kittens and two dogs," was the reply. (Kid-

neys and two ducks).

"How large is the cod's liver?" she asked another day of this same cook.

"Pretty big, ma'am—about five ounces long and two ounces wide."

A Meritorious Work.

" Brigsby, I understand, has written several books, "

"Yes, and he contemplates more."
"Which do you taink is his best ?"
"The last one."
"Why?"
"It isn't half so long as the others."

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds, ADAMSON'S BOYAKIO BALSAM. KINSMAN, 25th st., 4th ave.

HOWLS WHEN HE PULLED THE STRING. Anson Pond's Fishing Experience in His Father's House on a River.

Little Anson Pond, the saturnine, doesn't look as if he could tell a good story to save his life. But in the brief intervals when he is not thinking out a melodrama of the "Her Atonement" type his society can be tolerated. The other day he was the centre of an

animated group of Thespians. Each had told stories, and it was Pond's turn.

As the little gentleman nowadaya leads an extremely uninteresting life, he was obliged to turn for his story to the days when he was

ment, and with a jerk sent the fishing-line forth.

"There I sat for ten minutes, enjoying the cool night air, but catching never a fish. Presently I thought I would rebait my hook. I began to draw it in, when I felt there was something on it.

"I gave a tug, and as I did so, a terrific howl positively rent the air. The cries that followed were awful. I forgot all about fishing and ran downstairs. My father was already outside. The household was aroused. The cause of the unearthly yell was soon explained.

TWO WOMEN IN A WINDOW.

The Passing Public Stares in Surprise, but Treats Them Politely.

In the window of an uptown store two women operate sewing-machines all day long. They are not as extraordinary objects of at tention as the seven long-haired sisters from Hairville, but they attract a casual crowd now and then in just the same manner. The wayfarer glares at them a moment and then

now and then in just the same manner. The wayfarer glares at them a moment and then goes his way.

They were asked yesterday if they were not embarrassed by the prominence of their position. "We were at first," said one of them, a matter-of-fact person who dressed in black and wore a business look that a commercial agency would without hesitation have classed as A1. "We got over it after a while."

"Do you not feel uncomfortable when so many people stare at you as if you were Zulus or Albinos?"

"I fear that you greatly exaggerate the staring. The people who look in at the window are very polite. They do not stare impertinently. They merely look at us in surprise, glance at our work and hasten on. You see we are in a side street, where passers-by are not so numerous as in Broadway."

"It isn't so hard as you would imagine," said the other woman. "People can see that we are here for so much a week, and they don't annoy us. We go on the principle that no lady will be annoyed or insulted who bears herself with dignity. The same rule holds good for a store window as for a church festival."

New Notions in Jewelry.

[From the Jewelers' Weekly.] A propelling screw of platina is an oddity scarf pins.

Etruscan-finished link cuff-buttons of gold are fashionable. Plain beavy gold bands are fashionable as engagement rings.

An open chestnut bur of enamel is an attractive scarf-pin recently seen. A pretty lace pin consists of a bunch of illacs in enamel with several long stems of gold. A champagne bettle of gold backed by a stirrup of platinum is an attractive design for a scarf pin.

An antique intaglio set in a band of Roman or Indian gold is one of the fashionable gentleman's rings of the season.

A large ion of Russian silver standing on a base of rodesite is a new design in paper-weights, for which the modest sum of \$100 is asked.

A pink weights of enamel, with open blossoms and centred by a cluster of fine diamonds, is an attractive broach recently introduced.

In hairpins a tasty design is a body of amber opped by a golden crown set with diamonds and arnels. Surmounting the crown is a large pearl. An attractive brooch consists of an enamel apple-blossom, the sides of which are turned up and edged with gold. Three diamonds form a centre. The most fashionable and latest idea in ladies watches are those of oxidized silver. The designs mostly favored are flowers and scrolls on repouss

work.

A small s'iver pot, on the rim of which is the word "Jack" in blue enamel, is a new scart-pin, the suggestive make-up of which will probably win it favor with lovers of cards.

A handsome brooch represents a chrysanthemum in dark-brown enamel, with yellow centre. On a lower petal of the flower is a diamond, so set as to seem failing off as a drop of dew.

A beautiful but costly Christmas present for a lady is an opera bag of brocade, the clasp of which is a sphinx head in Russian silver. Squares of en-amel in various colors are set in the gold colf sur-mounting the head.

One of the handsomest bonbon boxes recently seen was made in imitation of a Russian cadet's cap. The roll was of oxydized silver, worked to

GREAT SPECIAL SALE

DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

15,000 MEN'S FINE TAILOR-MADE

Manufactured by US and formerly SOLD at \$25.00, \$30.00 and \$40.00, comprising the finest Imported and Domestic Beavers, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Edredons, Montagnacs, &c., Satin-lined, &c., are REDUCED TO THE UNIFORM PRICE OF

25,000 MEN'S FINE TAILOR-MADE SUITS,

Consisting of the finest Imported and Domestic Cassimeres, Cheviots, Corkscrews, Diagonals, in SACKS, 4-Button Cutaways, Prince Alberts, formerly sold at \$25.00, \$30.00 and \$35.00, are REDUCED to the uniform price of

\$15.00, \$15.00, \$15.00,

As the entire STOCK must be sold by JAN. 1, 1888, irrespective of Cost BOYS' and CHILDREN'S Suits and OVERCOATS at Sweeping Reductions

\$35.00 Imported Kersey, Satin-lined Overcoats at - \$15.00 \$45.00 English "Basket" and Silk-mixed Suits - \$15.00 \$45.00 English "Basket" and Silk-mixed Suits - \$15.00 \$55.00 French Pique" and Fancy Cassimere \$15.00 \$15.0 MEN'S FULL DRESS SUITS, SWALLOW-TAIL, \$20.00; worth \$40.00. ALL-SILK SMOKING JACKETS, \$5.00; worth \$10.00. Every value guaranteed as represented, AND TO EVERY TWENTIETH CUSTOMER purchasing a \$15 suit or overcoat WE WILL PRESENT A

Broadway, Corner Grand St., 8th Ave., Corner 40th St. Both Stores Open Evenings.

represent sheep's wool; red enamel formed the top, which was fist, and the pompon which rose from the front of the cap about three inches, consisted of a solid lump of frosted silver. The Hussian coat-of-arms in gold served as a cover for the joining of the pompon to the cap.

"THE LADY" or "THE TIGER?"

CHOOSE WISELY. E Harden.

2 Bmooth, 2 Cut Guna,
Soratch Teeth,
Lipure Basmed,
Lipure Basmed,
Approved, E Conce Beese,
Condemned Professionally,
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DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELA 29th et. and Broadway. Nightly, 8.80. Prodigy Planist Every Bong, Act and Specialty new this week.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

BOLO MANAGEMENT SOLUTION SOLUTION SATURDAY MATINES AT 2.

HOLIDAY MATINES AT 2.

MONDAY Jan. 2.

BOLO MANAGEMENT SOLUTION SOLUTION

14 TH ST. THEATHE, cor, 6th ave, Matiness Wednesdays and Saturdays, Politivety LAST WEEK OF DEN MAN THOMPSON, DEN MAN THOMPSON, NEXT WEEK—THE HANLONS, in LE VOYAGE EN SUISSE.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC. For the engagement of EDWIN BOOTH AND LAWRENCE BARRETT. 'JULIUS CÆSAR," MONDAY, DEC. 26 TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH ST TONY PASTOR'S SPLENDID SHOW.

GOOD RESERVED SEATS, 25 CENTS. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. BIJOU
OPERAHOUSE.
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CORSAIR.
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International Burlesque and Comedy Company

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TO-NIGHT AT 3.00 WASTINEE SATURDAY.
IN HIS OWN COMEDY, MONSHELD,
Next week—DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDR. STAR THEATRE.

S Every Evening, Matiness Saturday and Xmas Day.

M.E. AND MR. W. W. J. C. OMERNCE.

Saturday evening, M.E. FLORENCE as Capt. Cuttle.

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Two Bings and a Stage, a Zoological Garden, Museum Courostica, Startling Aerial Performances, Famous iders, Daring Grmnasts and a Regiment of Clowna, Trick mimals and Educated Beasts to please the children. PIFTY BEAUTHFULL LADY ARTHETS. andsome Horses, Pretty Ponice, Mischievous Monkeys. toal and Danoing Elephants. Ring performances rat 2 and 5 P. M. Doors open one hour before for

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other wonders. 25 and 50 cents. Heats in Boxes, \$1. at reserved one week in advance. The THE RESTENCES and Children.

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METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE,
HOFMANN CONCERTS,
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TUESDAY, Dec. 17, 48 8 o'clock. SATURDAY,
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panied by MMR. BEI ENE HANTREITER,
Donna Contralto, Tasodore Bjorksten, I agor: Sig.

Nouendorff's Grand Orchestra. Weber Grand Figno used.

DOOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., bet. B'way and 4th ave.
Prices, 10c., 20c., 20c., 50c.,
MATINEES—Monday, Wednesday, Taursday, Saturday.
Mattweek—"ONE OF THE BRAVEST."

Under the management of Frank.
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PAUL KAUVAK, OK ANARCHY,
By Steele Marin Mackays.
HOLIDAY MATIN MRS, Dec. 26 & Jan. 2.
Seats now on sale. DEN MUSEE, 230 ST., BET. 5TH & 6TH AVES.

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And his HUNGARIAN OR OF HESTRA

Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.

Admission to all, 50 cents; children 35 cents,

AJESS—The Mystifying Uness Automaton.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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A. H. KING & CO.

AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THEIR CUSTOMERO

SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.

This "ROYAL CHRISTMAS GIFT" is given by the SYNDICATE to the PUBLIC in recognition of their liberal patronage, and will be distributed among A. H. King & Co.'s customers to-morrow, Saturday, Dec. 24, from 9 A. M. until 11 P. M., in the

To-morrow is the LAST DAY of the great \$15.00 Sale, and we shall continue to sell until 11 o'clock at night:

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Each sale will be numbered, as the money is paid at the office, and No. 20, No. 40 and each succeeding twentieth purchaser of a Fifteen-Dollar Suit or a Fifteen-Dollar Overcoat WILL positively receive TEN DOLLARS IN GOLD AS A CHRISTMAS

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NIBLO'S. LAST FOUR PERFORMANCES seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. SHE." "SHE." Monday, Dec. 26, Christmas Matin The Great Sporting Drama, A RUN OF LUCK."

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Evenings at 8.15. Matines Saturder at 2.15.
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Characters by Messers. Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards.
J.W. Pigott, Mnn. Ponial, Miss Netts Guion and Miss
Rose Coghian. CHRISTMAS MATINEK Dec. 26.

', In Preparation a New Comedy Entitled
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11

AMUSEMENTS. CTANDARD THEATRE. BROADWAY & 33D ST.
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Under the management of Frank W. Sanger,
of the Proturescue Drama. UNION SQUARE THEATRE. and CRANE. BRONSON HOWARD GREAT COMEDY. THE HENRIETTA.

Extra Matinees Monday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Jan. 2, 100th performance Saturday Matinee, Dec. 31, Elaborate Souvenire.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, CORNER BIST ST., AND 5D AVE.
MATINEE EVERY MON., WED. AND SAT.
RESERVED SEATS,
HALLEN and HART'S
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FIRST PRIZE IDEALS

SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE Dec. 26-FUN ON THE BRISTOL

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
M. W. HANLEY DAVE BRAHAM and his POPULAR ORCHESTRA.
WEDN'SDAY MATINEE SATURDAY,
GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE MONDAY, DEC. 26,

LYCRUM THRATRS. Begins at 8, 18.
Matinee Sat. and Mon. THE WIFE.

DICK DOWNER'S DISENCHANTMENT

[From London Truth.]

Dick Downer was inclined to make a fool of himself about his pretty cousin, Mrs. Mayblossom. Notwithstanding that she had heartlessly jilted him, his devotion to her seemed rather to increase than to diminish. He could not, of course, ignore the fact that she had treated him most scandalously; but his mild resentment faded away to a vanishing point when it became apparent that his cousin's marriage was likely to prove an unhappy one. Capt. Mayblossom seemed a good fellow enough in his way but however good a fellow a man may be, if he is absolutely devoid of income and expectations, he is not a desirable helpmate. No doubt,

come and expectations, he is not a desirable helpmate. No doubt, when she eloped with him, Ada Mayblossom had counted upon being able to win back the indulgent affection of her adopted parent, Dick's father: but, great as her influence had been over the old man, she soon found that he was vindictively implacable. Not only was this so, but old Job Downer was furious with his son for what he considered his want of spirit and proper pride in defending his cousin after her treatment of him. Old Downer was never tired of denouncing his niece in terms which poor Dick could not sit by and listen to without indignant remonstrance, whereby he not only irritated his father, but innocently helped to dissipate the remotest chance of effecting a reconciliation between the two.

In spite of his father's protestation Dick was a frequent visitor at the trim little suburban villa in which his fair cousin and her pauper husband resided. Being a simpleminded individual, he might have gone there fifty times without ever suspecting that Black Care was perched astride the gable. The house was daintily and even expensively furnished; the living was excellent, for the Captain was particular about his food and had the reputation of being one of the best judges of claret in London; while the domestic affairs generally were well ordered and showed no signs of painful parsimony. Dick, however, was soon initiated by his cousin into the secret of impending trouble, and sympathetically shared with her the dismal apprehensions which it involved.

To most people—who, by the way had a pretty shrewd suspicion of the Captain's income—little Mrs. Mayblossom seemed entirely impervious to the worry of pecuniary embarrassments. She was always well dressed, cheerful, animated and fascinating. But to Dick, in their confidental tete-a-tetes, she confessed that her affected indifference was but a mask to conceal from the world the angush which tortured her. She contrived to make Dick acutely sensible of the misery of a

life of debt and false appearances, supplemented by worse than uncertainty regarding

life of debt and false appearances, supplemented by worse than uncertainty regarding the future.

Pretty Mrs. Mayblossom had enemies, of course, and these did not hesitate to insinuate that she deliberately worked upon her cousin's feelings for the sake of getting money out of him. It would have been nearer the truth, perhaps, had they suggested that Mrs. Mayblossom's motive was to touch indirectly, through Dick, the adamantine heart of her wealthy uncle. At the same time it must be owned that she did get money out of Dick, and took it with a very faint show of scruple.

Dick would willingly have parted with the last farthing he possessed in the world to spare her a moment's uncasiness; but, unfortunately, the assistance he could render was of a merely temporary nature. Though nominally a partner in his father's business, his income was but that of a poorly paid clerk, and the old man, knowing his son's simple habits, and no doubt suspecting the destination of his pocket-money, turned a deaf ear to all suggestions of a "rise." For his own part, old Downer refused emphatically to contribute a single farthing to the support of his erring niece and her husband, and manifested so unforgiving a spirit that after a time Dick abandoned as absolutely thopeless the ungrateful task of appealing to him.

Meanwhile, naturally, things went from

hopeless the ungrateful task of appealing to him.

Meanwhile, naturally, things went from bad to worse in the Mayblossom menage; creditors became clamorous, friends grew lukewarm and chary, and the procuring the commonest necessaries of life involved ingenious but humiliating subterfuges and manœuvres. To complicate matters there appeared on the lowering horizon of the future an ominous thundercloud which, when it burst, would, as Dick feared, completely submerge his poor cousin in her sea of troubles.

burst, would, as Dick feared, completely submerge his poor cousin in her sea of troubles.

Dick had noticed of late that Capt. Mayblossom was very seldom at home. He gathered incidentally that the Captain disappeared from time to time rather mysteriously, and that his manner was changed towards his devoted wife. She, poor woman, made no complaint on the subject, but the downcast look, the half-suppressed sigh, the ill-concealed uneasiness when she referred to her husband's absences told the old, sad story of neglect and faithlessness plainer than words could speak.

Dick was less startled, therefore, than he otherwise might have been at receiving from his cousin one day a few blotted, incoherent lines, urging him to come to her at once, as a terrible grief had befallen her. Without a moment's delay he hastened to her side and learned that what he had foreseen had happened and that his cousin's husband had deserted her.

As he gared sorrowfully upon her, seeking in vain for words in which to convey, however feebly, his heartfelt sympathy and devotion, Dick could not help being forcibly struck by the peculiar villainy of the man who had thus wronged her. Poor little Mrs.

Mayblossom was attired in a bewitching tea

Mayblossom was attired in a bewitching tea gown of some soft, creamy white material, decked with lace and bright-colored sibbons and fitting admirably to her graceful form. Her abundant tresses of auburn hair fell in wild disorder about her fair neck and shoulders; her blue eyes, moist with tears, loomed large and bright, like stars through an evening mist, and her whole attitude betokened the most pathetic grief and despair. Dick was seized with an access of furious indignation at this moving example of Capt. Mayblossom's infamy, and he rose abruptly from his seat with a fierce exclamation.

"What is the matter, Dick?" exclaimed his cousin, looking up quickly.

"The matter! That—that scoundrel!" gasped Dick, almost beside himself.

"Hush, Dick! after all he is—he is my husband," sighed Mrs. Mayblossom gently,

"Yes, but—well, I will see him, at ali events," said Dick, endeavoring to control himself. "He cannot realize the wrong he has done. Besides, he cannot mean"—

"No, Dick," interposed his cousin, speaking in a low tone, but with clearness and decision. "Do not go to him. I forbid it. After this," she added, holding up the cruel letter her husband had written to her, "he is dead to me. The creature he prefers to mebut there, Dick, let us not speak of him! Only promise, upon your word of honor, in case you should ever meet him, not to lay a finger upon him—for my sake!"

He deserves to be shot," growled Dick, between his clinched teeth.

"The greatest kindess you can do to me and to my child is to avoid anything that may lead to scandal. Will you promise, Dick, not to seek my husband? said Mrs. Mayblossom, appealingly.

"Of course, if you insist," said Dick, unable, as usual, to resist her pleading glance. But—but what is to be done?

"For me and my darling little one you mean? Oh! If it were only I alone—if it were only I alone—if it were only I alone—if it here only I alone is exclaimed Mrs. Mayblossom, with a gesture of despair.

"There is the child, as you say," said Dick, gravely, rendered uneasy by hi

future. In the first place, do you intend to apply for a divorce?"

"For my child's sake, no!" said Mrs. Mayblossom, quietly but emphatically. "I have fully decided that, Dick." fully decided that, Dick."

Somehow this decision grated upon Dick's nerves, but he was too honestly concerned about his cousin at the moment to spare a thought about himself.

"How do you propose to live?" he next

asked.
"What will dear uncle say when he hears?" demanded little Mrs. Mayblossom, shruptly.

She looked at Dick so eagerly as she asked the question that it went to his heart to crush the dawning hope which her glance expressed. But knowing his father as well as he did, Dick felt constrained to answer

bluntly that even her present distress would not purchase the old man's forgiveness.

"Poor little me! I feared it would be so," murnured the unlucky girl, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "However," she added briskly, "I must not give way, but remember my child. I have made up my mind what to do, Dick. Five years ago, when poor papa died, I left some friends behind me in Australia when I came over to live with Uncle Job. Some of these will, perhaps, put me in the way of earning my own living, if I return among them."

"What! leave England, Ada!" cried Dick, with a thrill of dismay.

"Yes, Dick, it will be better for many reasons," said Mrs. Mayblossom, glancing for moment at Dick's pained expression and then fixing her gaze abstractedly upon the point of her dainty little red morocco shoe, which peeped from beneath her dress. "Besides," she added, after rather an awkward pause, "I have no particular reason to feel attached the old country."

"You will leave no one behind you, Ada, who"—began Dick, with flaming cheeks.

"You are always good, and kind, and noble, and generous." interposed Mrs. Mayblossom hastily; "and I never, no, never! shall forget all your goodness. But my mind is made up, Dick—quite made up; and the only question is, how I am to get the money to carry out my plans."

"Money," murmured Dick, somewhat sobered by the introduction of this prosaic topic.

"Of course. I cannot go without money."

the object of his son's request, and there ensued a scene which, but for Dick's filial forbearance, might have ended in complete estrangement. But on the following morning, to his son's surprise, old Downer showed signs of relenting, and at length he said, rather sulkily:

"You and I mustn't quarrel any more about that woman, Dick. She isn't worth it. I've written to Greggs, my lawyer, and told him to ship her off to Australia at my expense."

pense."
"My dear father!" cried Dick, immensely "My dear father!" cried Dick, immensely relieved and gratified.

"You ought to feel grateful, Dick, for I'm doing it entirely upon your account, and not out of sympathy for her," growled the old man. "She deserves her fate for her heartless conduct to you and me. Deserted by her husband, she would be more dangerous than ever over here, and I would much sooner she were on the other side of the globe."

Dick hastened off to inform his cousin of Dick hastened off to inform his cousin of the success of his mission; and, though little Mrs. Mayblossom evidently did not relish the interference of a lawyer in the business, she, nevertheless, thanked Dick very warmly and cordially for the service he had ren-dered. Dick would fain have taken an active rest in axisting his consint to make the recespart in assisting his cousin to make the neces-sary arrangements for her departure, but, to his great chagrin, Mrs. Mayblossom said

with firmness:

"No. Dick; it must not be. In the miserable position of a descrted wife I cannot be too circumspect in my conduct. Besides, as my dear, good uncle is going to pay all this money for me, I must not offend him by occurrence his son's time."

passion which consumed him caused him to formulate hopes which, up to that time, he had not seriously conceived. Now that Ada Mayblossom's husband had deserted had not seriously conceived. Now that Ada Mayblossom's husband had deserted her, might he not legitimately aspire to possess her? On the other sade of the globe, in a new country, might she not be disposed to requite his life-long devotion? He would follow her to Australia, to the uttermost ends of the earth, on receiving a word, a look, the slightest sign of encouragement! These wild thoughts and ideas naturally caused Dick to anticipate with feverish impatience and anxiety their next meeting, with which he doggedly declined to associate in his mind the sad word "Farewell."

When the momentous day arrived Dick found his cousin awaiting him at the head of the gangway on board the good ship Ballaarat. She was as pale as himself, but infinitely less agitated, and, after a few words of greeting, she conducted him to her cabin, where they could converse undisturbed.

"I have a confession to make to you, Dick," she said, facing him with composure.
"I have already made mine, Ada," began Dick, unsteadily." Litten to what I have to say first Dick."

Dick, unsteadily.

"Listen to what I have to say first, Dick,"

"Listen to what I have to say first, Dick," said his cousin, before he could proceed.
"You believe that I am about to proceed to "You believe that I am about to proceed to Australia-alone."
As she spoke, Mrs. Mayblossom, half in-voluntarily, perhaps, laid her hand lightly upon a pile of lugrage which encumbered the bunk beside which she was standing, and Dick recognized, with a start, a man's hat-box and a gun-case.

"Is this your cabin?" he inquired, turning

bered by the introduction of this prossic topic.

"No. Dick; it must not be. In the miserable position of a deserted wife I cannot be concerning the position of a deserted wife I cannot be concerned to the position of a deserted wife I cannot be concerned as any dear good uncle is going to pay all this simply possition of a deserted wife I cannot be compared to the position of a deserted wife I cannot be compared to the position of a deserted wife I cannot be compared to the position of a deserted wife I cannot be compared to the position of the position of the section of the position of the section of the position of the section of the position of the

the only means I could devise of raising the

the only means I could devise of raising the necessary money to enable us to emigrate to Australia was by pretending to be in a position which excited your keenest sympathy. Thanks to you—for I am still grateful Dick—the money was forthcoming," said his cousin, unflinchingly.

"I scorn your gratitude, Ada," cried poor Dick with sudden fury. "Is this your return for all my devotion?" he added in a trembling voice. "I would have died for you, Ada, and now you are not ashamed to confess that you have made me a contemptible dupe."

"I wanted to convince you, Dick, that I am heartless and eruel—when I do not love," said his cousin, speaking in measured accents, but as pale as a ghost. "In justice to my husband and to myself, and for the sake of your own future happiness, I have made this confession to you."

"You might have spared me, Ada," was all "You might have spared me, Ada," was all

"You might have spared me, Ada," was all Dick could say, as he opened the cabin door with a trembling hand.
"I should have liked to Dick, for it has been an unpleasant task. But I had others to consider besides myself, and, after all, I have been paid for what I have done."
"Paid for it?" gasped Dick.
"Yes, and well paid. See here!" And, with a little hysterical laugh, Mrs. Mayblossom drew a slip of paper from the bosom of her dress and held it before Dick's eyes, It was a check, signed by his father, for £500,

The same evening Dick Downer sought an interview with his father in his study, and said, almost fiercely:

"Father, are you aware that Mayblossom never deserted his wife at all, and that the whole affair was a miserable conspiracy to get money?"

get money?"
"You don't say so!" cried the old man "You don't say so!" cried the old man, opening his eyes in genuine astonishment.
"That appears to be the case," replied Dick, rather taken aback by his father's evident bona files, "but what about that check for £500 which bore your signature?"
"She haggled a good deal, Dick, with my lawyer about the money she required," said the old man, looking at his son curiously; "and, failing to get as much as she wanted, she came to me and offered for £500, to—to convince you of the folly of your infatuation."

tion."
"She has done so, father, very effectually," said Dick. "Then I don't grudge the money," re-turned the old man, as his shrewd eyes twinkled.

LOOK TO-MORROW EVENING FOR

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A PALACE GAR.

A NEW STORY BY

ALBION W. TOURGEE.